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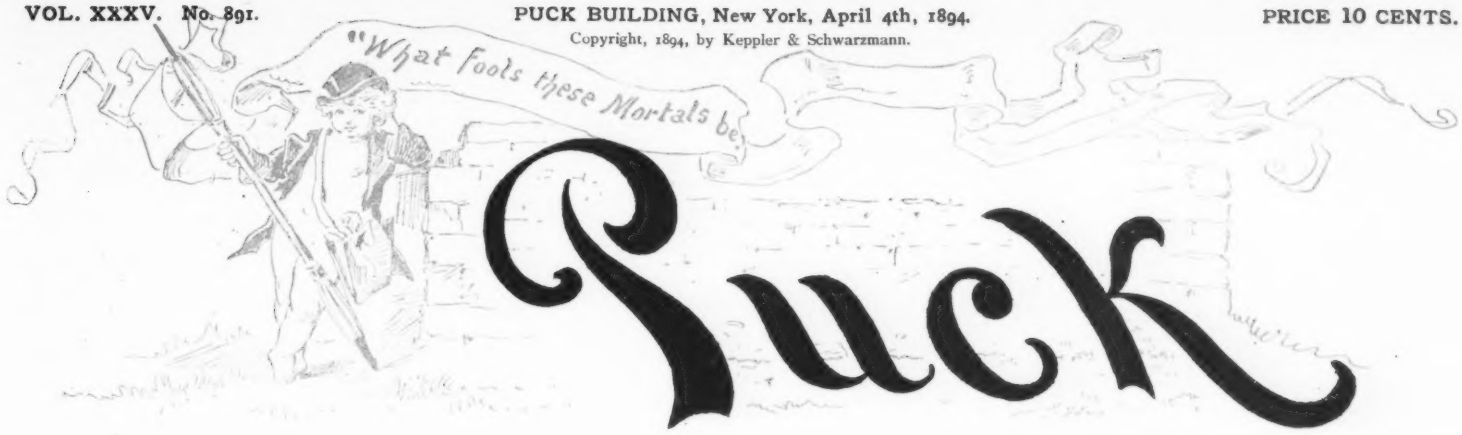

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NEXT!!

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Keppler & Schwarzmann, Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 4th, 1894. — No. 891.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE ROUND OF REFORM.

THE TAX-PAYER began it.

"Why can't we have decent government?" said he. "We want another school-house; my street is shockingly paved; we ought to have electric lights at every corner; we need an entire new sewage system; the fire department needs stirring up. I saw a fight yesterday, and there was n't a policeman within five blocks. And why can't we have as clean streets as any other city in the world has?"

And so he hustled around and made a lot of noise, and the first thing he knew, to his own great astonishment, he had a whole Reform Town Council elected, all of his own way of thinking.

In going to the first meeting of the Reform Town Council the Chairman stepped into a mud-puddle, and had to get his shoes shined at an expense of five cents. So they began the work of reform with the Commissioner of Streets. They called him up and asked him why he did not clean the streets. He said that he did clean them. He had cleaned them all yesterday. "But they are dirty again to-day," said the Chairman. "Certainly they are," the Commissioner replied. "for the people put new dirt there every day. They are at this present moment engaged in putting orange and banana skins, apple cores, old newspapers, wrappers, envelopes, and house-sweepings in all the streets of the town. They receive much assistance from the farmers and suburban residents whose vehicles track in the mud from the dirt roads." "Well, why don't you remove the fresh dirt?" inquired the Chairman. "I am removing it," said the Commissioner, "just as quickly as I can." "Well, I guess we 've fooled enough with you," said the Chairman; "can you or can you not keep the streets clean?" "Certainly I can," answered the Commissioner; "nothing is easier. Just have those suburban roads macadamized, and instruct the police to arrest every man found throwing litter in the streets." The Chairman explained to the Commissioner that these suggestions were impracticable. "All right," said the Commissioner; "then give me sufficient money to employ men enough to clean up the dirt as fast as the people make it, and I 'll have your streets looking like wax every day of the year." And then the Reform Council turned him down for a ringster and a professional politician, and put another man in his place.

Then they sent for the Chief of Police. "Why," they asked him, "don't you arrest every person who throws papers or banana skins into the streets, and also everybody who drives a muddy wagon into town?" "Because," said the Chief of Police, "we 've got only one policeman to every five hundred citizens, and every half-mile of street. Double my force and give me a bicycle for every man, and I 'll have the whole town in jail before nightfall. Everybody 's guilty." So the Chief of Police got *his* dose, and a brand-new Reformer took his job.

And so the good work went on.

One year later the tax-payer was talking again.

"It is wonderful," he said, "how politics will corrupt the best of men. Now, last year, sir, we had a great reform movement in this town. We elected a clean, new city government. Every one of our candidates was a business or professional man, and a personal friend of mine. There was n't one professional politician in the lot. Well, sir, they started in splendidly, bounced every one of the old ringsters, — put new, clean, respectable men in all around. Why, sir, they offered me the position of Commissioner of Streets! Of course I was busy and could n't take it — I have sometimes thought it would have been better if I could have found the time for it, but I really could n't see my way clear at the time. Well, now you 'd have thought a state of affairs like that would give promise of a really decent government, would n't you? Seems to be a fatality about it, though. The moment a man gets in public office in this country it corrupts him, sir — corrupts him. I 'm hanged if every one of those men has n't turned out to be just as bad a ringster as the man he succeeded in office. Why, you would hardly believe me if I told you the state of affairs in this town to-day! Here 's a great big expensive school-house started when the school funds are hardly adequate to support the existing ones. Job in it, I suppose, for some fellow. There 's another job right under your eyes. They ripped up the macadam pavement in my street and put down this Belgium block. I went to them at the time, and I said I did n't see the necessity for putting the residents to all that inconvenience; but if they *must* do it, they ought to put down asphalt. No, they would n't listen to me. Said the town could n't afford it. But I noticed that the town could afford to take out all the gas lamps and put in those confounded electric lights. Then they wanted to put in a whole new sewage system; some new fangled thing got up by some sanitary engineer or other, but we would n't have that. We got up a mass meeting and scared them out of it. Still I guess they made up for it on the money they spent on the fire department. I wish we had taken more vigorous action at that time, but I 'm afraid it 's too late now. You see, under pretense that we needed an increased Police Force, they 've rung in all their heelers on us — matter of patronage, you see; and I expect they fixed their majority for the next election. But that is n't the worst of it. Here 's the crowning audacity of the whole business. Look at that street there. Filth from one end to the other. And those rascals have the cheek to say that it can't be kept clean unless the appropriations are doubled. Why here, sir — here 's what tells the whole story. One year ago our tax rate was 2.33, now it 's 3.40, and that 's what politics have made of men that are supposed to be decent. But you mark my words, sir, some day the people will arise in their wrath and overthrow this whole business of rings and jobbery and corruption; and then, sir, and not till then, we 'll have what *I* call a government!"

He is talking yet.

A LESSON FROM INDUSTRIAL WAR.

POWERS. — England is building twenty iron-clads, and, of course, all the other nations of Europe will feel that they must follow suit.

BOWERS. — It would pay them better to form a combination and stop production.

A SHATTERED IDOL.

PARKE. — I think this man Sandow must be greatly overrated.

CLARKE. — Why? I believe he can lift a horse or something of that sort.

PARKE. — Well, I read that, at a recent performance, he was assisted by a banjo club and a glee club and a ladies' quartette.

IN A LONDON FOG.

CHOLLY. — It 's deucedly pehplexing, don't you know!

WEGIE. — What is, deah boy?

CHOLLY. — Why, now that Lawd Wosebewy is at the head of the Libwals, and Lawd Salisbewy of the Towies, don't you know, I don't know whetheh I 'm a Towy or a Libwal.

A DRAUGHT HORSE — A Pony of Brandy.

HE. — You 're the first girl I ever loved.

SHE *(charitably)*. — And yet I suppose they all thought they were still girls.

ALWAYS HER EVIL GENIUS.

IN THE WRONG SHOP.

CONGRESSMAN. — Yes, sir; we want the design to be in the highest style of art; but it must be moral, too, — no studies from the nude, remember. Every figure must be clothed.

ARTIST. — H'm! Here is the card of a gentleman who can suit you.

"Eh! Is this man an artist?"

"No; he 's a tailor."

SHE MAY BRING A NEW "ISM" TO KANSAS.

WILLY KAU. — Pa, be you a Populist?

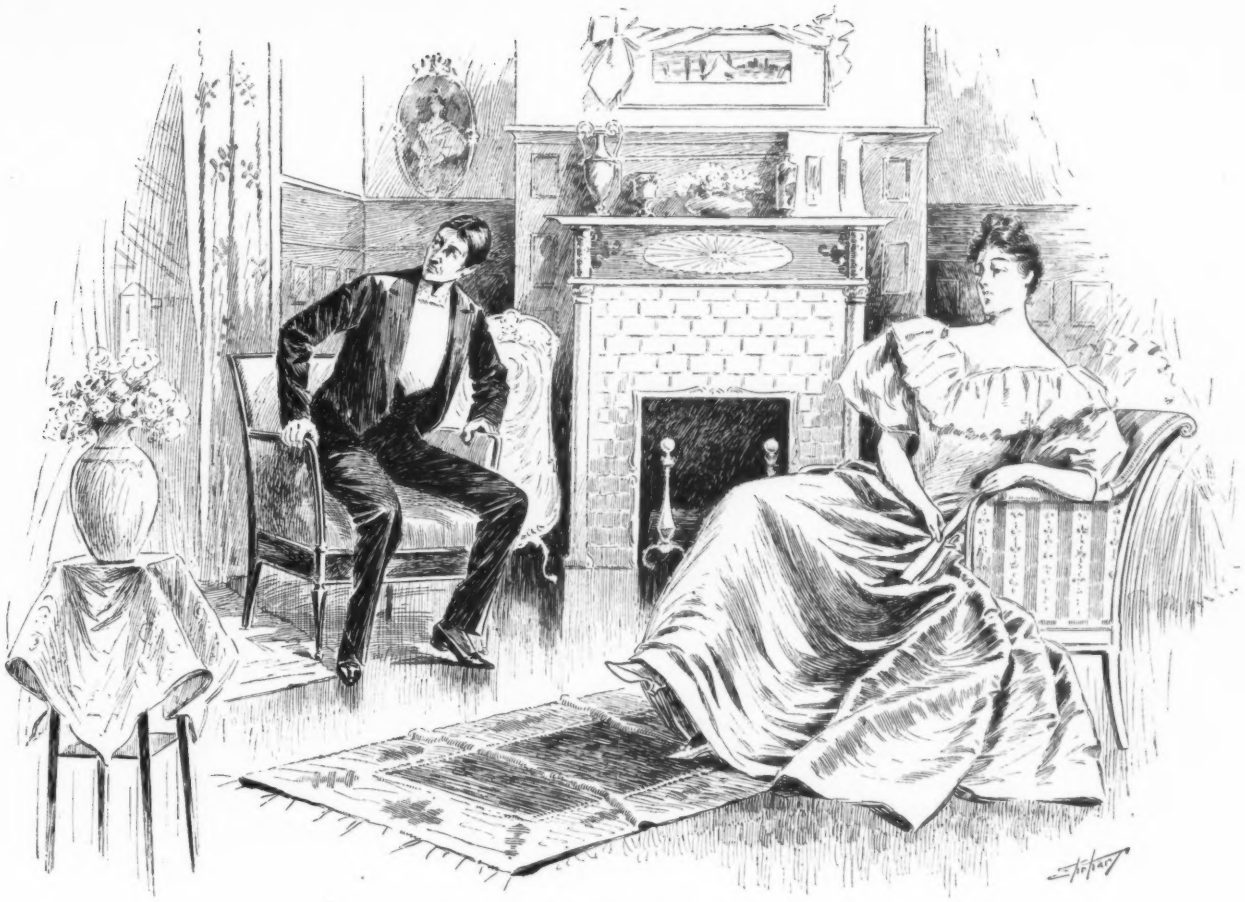
FARMER KAU. — I dunno, Sonny. I can't tell till Mrs. Lease gets back from Boston.

A GIGANTIC TASK.

PHYSICIAN. — Madam, your husband is suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration. He must have been laboring under a terrible mental and physical strain of late.

MRS. WOODBY. — For the past four weeks he has been engaged in at last consenting, at the earnest solicitation of his many friends, to permit his name to be used as a candidate for the Legislature.

SOME PEOPLE would rather live on wind on Fifth Avenue than have the best the market affords in Elizabeth.



THE PERVERTED CHRONOMETER.

BERTIE VAN STAY. — Is n't that an alarm clock going off in the hall?
MAY WHEAT. — Yes.
BERTIE VAN STAY. — Who on earth in your family rises at midnight?
MAY WHEAT. — Papa does, if I have n't gone to bed then.

FIN DE SIÈCLE.

SHE IS young and she is fair,
Wholly modern in her air,
Somewhat mannish — not too much;
Slightly slangy — just a touch;
Boyish with that odd cravat,
Redfern coat and Alpine hat;
Innocent, of course,— and yet
With a few thoughts to forget;
Reading Zola, Tolstoï — never
Dodging danger, if it 's clever.
Maid of modern days, whose duty
Always is to be a beauty,
Never do I hear your laughter,
But I think of that hereafter
That is lurking for the lightest
Round the corner when it 's
brightest;
For, somehow, I can not smother
Doubts you 'd make a queer
grandmother!

S. B. Russ.

WITHIN THE LAW.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER *(to Chinese pupil)*. — John, it is against the law to sell opium in this Christian country.

CHINEE JOHN. — Alle light. Me stop sellee opium and startee gin-mill.

A BROKER'S OPINION.

CURBSTON. — I wonder why the editor and proprietor of the *Daily Blanket* remains so poor.

BROKER. — Perhaps he takes flyers on the tips in the financial column of his paper.

PRECEPT IS not always example. It is all right to impress a child with the Little G. W. cherry-tree story; but it is sometimes foolish to follow it with the gift of a hatchet.

THE BROOKLYNITE'S LIMITATIONS.

STRANGER. — Can you tell me where Schermerhorn Street is?

RESIDENT. — Schermerhorn? Let me see. Well, I know it is n't on my way to New York.

BESPOKEN.

LADY OF THE HOUSE. — I am a poor, lone widow, sir; and —

RAGGED HAGGARD. — I 'd like to accommodate you, Ma'am; but I am already betrothed.

THE ONLY TROUBLE.

PARKER. — Ah, old man! Out for a ride?

HORSEFORD *(in despair)*. — Yes; *I* came out for a ride; but this hack I hired has come out for a walk!

ANCIENT JOURNALISM.

HOW THE GODS MADE A BRILLIANT NEWSPAPER HIT.

ANCIENT RECORDS, recently discovered, relate how the Gods of Mt. Olympus established a journal which was a reflex of advanced thought and a powerful moulder of public opinion — at three dollars a year in advance, with special rates to clubs.

At a preliminary meeting, called to discuss the subject, "How to Boom a Daily Journal," many valuable suggestions were offered. Jupiter presided, and there was a fair attendance of Gods and Goddesses.

Boreas was the first speaker. He admitted having a world-wide reputation as a champion blower, but he repudiated the imputation that he was a native of the "Windy City." He deprecated slang, he said, and what little he had to say on the subject of progressive journalism he would give to them straight. He had an idea, which, if adopted, would make a newspaper a howling success. The proposed journal, he thought, should inaugurate a "Voting Contest" for the most popular ward-politician who had not yet been in jail, the "heeler" receiving the highest number of votes to be sent to the popular Winter Resort called Hades at the newspaper's expense. Hades was run by his friend Pluto, who would give the lucky politician a warm reception. The temperature was equable, not varying a degree the year round; which was more than could be said of Florida or Southern California. If his suggestion was adopted, he had no hesitation in saying that it would mark a new era in daily journalism.

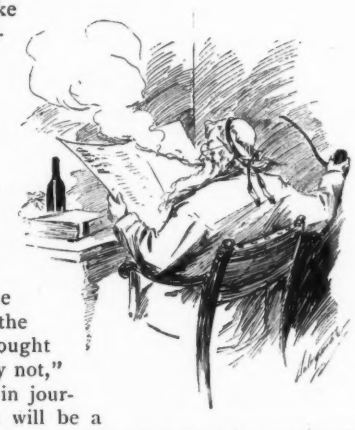
Esculapius confessed to a lack of experience in moulding public opinion through the lever that moves the world; therefore, he thought, he was well qualified to speak on the subject. Although professional etiquette would preclude him from advertising in the journal meditated, he wished to assist the enterprise by presenting gratuitously an idea which, if properly utilized, would prove a greater boon to mankind than a daily hint from Paris. He earnestly hoped the management of the journal yet in embryo would offer a prize of $500 for the best design for an improved porous plaster that would not tear off more than three square inches of the human cuticle when it was removed from the body.

Mercury said that while many newspapers had adopted his name, he had never been identified with the profession. He had never given the subject of journalism a moment's thought, therefore he believed that the tone of the newspaper press would be elevated and a taste for the beautiful inculcated, if a newspaper were to offer its readers a portfolio of the pictures of the White City at Chicago, for the small sum of three coupons and one dime — the coupons to be cut from successive issues of the paper.

"Are n't you a trifle previous?" asked Jupiter. "Thousands of years must elapse before the Chicago World's Fair is held, and — "

"I 'm aware of that," interrupted Mercury, "and I am also cognizant of the fact that Chicago does not yet exist; but consider what a bold stroke of journalistic enterprise it would be to anticipate the event a score of centuries. After the Fair is over, nearly every influential paper in the land will adopt the scheme I have suggested. We must lead — not follow."

"Your point is a good one," assented the chairman, "and will receive the consideration it deserves. By the way, I notice that Minerva is present. Her head is bursting with wisdom, and if she has any suggestions to make that will further the cause of legitimate journalism, we shall be pleased to hear them."



Minerva arose, unconsciously putting her hand to her head to see if her helmet was on straight. She said that she was only one of the despised, weaker sex, who had been denied the ballot, save in Colorado and a few other Western states, but who had something of a reputation as disseminators of general information. She had been an interested listener to the various suggestions offered, and one thought had taken a firm hold of her. "Why not," she asked, "introduce an innovation in journalism, and make a newspaper that will be a welcome visitor in every home? Why not ignore all lottery features and gift enterprises, and substitute the news of the day, with some crisp editorial comment on current topics?"

This suggestion was so full of startling originality that Jupiter nearly tumbled off his tripod, and the astonished Gods assembled clapped their hands vigorously, and cried as with one voice:

"We never thought of that! Bright idea! Great head! Let Minerva's suggestion be adopted!"

And it was.

And the first issue of the new paper bore testimony to the wisdom of Minerva, for at the top of the editorial column appeared this legend:

"This paper has a larger circulation than any other printed; and it is the best advertising medium in the world."

J. H. W.

HIRSUTE CONSISTENCY.

A few years ago, when the men of Fashion wore those short top coats, their hair was cut as short as possible.

Now that they wear those extremely long coats, just look at their hair!

THE CHAMELEON'S FATEFUL EXCURSION.

ARABELLA.—But suppose Papa should come in and see me this way?

HENRY.—Oh, we can jump away when we hear him coming!

ARABELLA } — Here he comes, now —— ! — ! — !
HENRY } ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

THEIR PARTING.

IT SEEMS that the Spring and Winter
Are taking a last farewell,
When the heavens are dark and chilly
And the buds, all rosy, swell;
When the days are dull and ashen,
And the zephyrs warmly sigh,
While the violet gayly catches
The snowflake upon the fly.

R. K. M.

WON AT LAST.

TITLED SUITOR.—If you marry me you will be a duchess.

AMERICAN HEIRESS.—I am too good an American to be won by a title.

"You shall live at court if you wish."

"That would be tiresome."

"Or you may be mistress of one of the finest castles in England."

"It can not be nearly so handsome nor so comfortable as my father's palace on the Hudson."

"We have good servants."

"I am yours!"

SEVERE DISCIPLINE.

BOSTON MOTHER.—What, my children, is the cause of all this vociferous discussion?

BOSTON CHILD.—Waldo keeps grabbing my playthings.

MOTHER.—I am afraid I shall be obliged to take both of you to another lecture on Ethics.

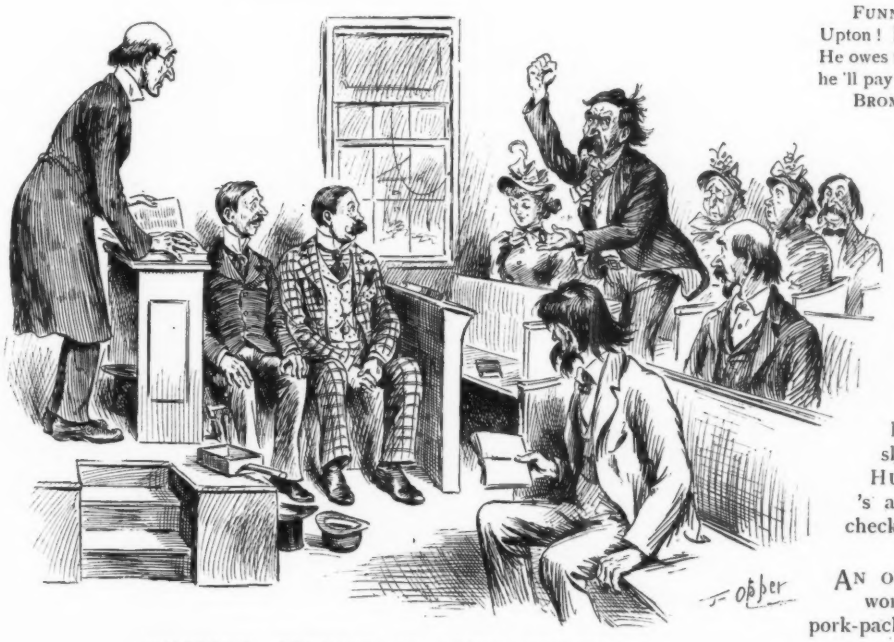
THE CAMEL probably thinks his hump a thing of beauty.

A SOURCE OF WEALTH.

FUNNYMAN *(the paragrapher)*. — Oh, here comes Hardy Upton! Let's go down this side street so we will not meet him. He owes me five dollars and has money to-day, and I 'm afraid he 'll pay me.

BROMLEY. — *Afraid* he 'll pay you! Are you crazy?

FUNNYMAN. — No; his excuses for not paying me are so funny that I can sell every one of them to the comic papers for a dollar each. I 'm fifteen dollars ahead of the game already.



MORNING SERVICE IN LONE GULCH.

THE REVEREND MR. HARPS *(pausing in the midst of the sermon)*.—What is the matter, Brother Isaac?

ALKALI IKE *(a new convert)*.—Since I j'ined the church, a month ago, I 've been tryin' to be meek and humble and forgivin'; but, brethren and sisters, I 'm no rabbit; and if them two fellers over in the corner don't quit winkin' at my girl, burcussed if I don't shuck off my coat and my religion at the same time, and give 'em a great big taste of the quality that used to distinguish me when I was in the bonds of sin and iniquity!

MANAGING HUBBY.

HUSBAND.—Do you mean to say that you have been to see a clairvoyant? I have told you over and over again that there is never any truth in what one of them says.

WIFE.—This one told me you would not give me one-half the money I want for shopping to-morrow.

HUSBAND.—She did, eh? She 's a humbug. Here, fill this check out to suit yourself.

AN OUNCE of prevention is not worth a pound of cure in the pork-packing business.

IT IS ONLY guileless boyhood that vows he "will never do it again." Even when caught in the act, the full-grown man of sound mind tries to prove that he did n't do it at all.

EVEN AT this early day, the base-ball crank is out with a list to show the relative standing of the clubs at the end of the season.

TWO SONS OF A DIFFERENT RACE.

ANTHONY MILDE VAN SUZZ thought a great deal of himself and of his name. He came from a good family, and lived with such scrupulous care that no suspicion of a blemish ever marred the surface of the Van Suzz escutcheon. He was a member of the Church and of the Stock Exchange, and gave liberally to both, for his forefathers had left him more money than he could conveniently spend upon himself.

One bright morning, Mr. Van Suzz walked down the steps of his bachelor home on Fifth Avenue, and, with his coat tightly buttoned about his portly form, strolled toward Broadway. A brilliant red carnation showed on the lapel of his coat, and in one gloved hand he carried a heavy, horn-handled cane. He took off his hat to a number of ladies, who smiled in passing him, and he greeted the men with courtly bows.

On the corner of Thirty-first Street, he met two elderly ladies; and, by the time he had settled his shining hat on his bald head, after its graceful sweep through the atmosphere, they had confronted him.

"Oh, Mr. Van Suzz!" cried the foremost; "the funniest thing you ever saw!"

Mr. Van Suzz paused.

"You would have died!" the other went on convulsively, laying her hand on his arm. "We saw it only yesterday, and we have n't got over it yet. It 's the funniest thing I ever heard of."

Mrs. Van Suzz smiled with mild appreciation. There is something akin to torture in a woman's explanatory preface to a humorous story, but Mr. Van Suzz's good nature was proof against it. He made a courteous inquiry as to the cause of the somewhat unusual hilarity of his companions.

"The funniest thing!" began one of the ladies again, and then she broke into prolonged laughter. The other lady joined her, and Mr. Van Suzz tittered politely. "You know," she finally said, with tears in her eyes; "a long time ago, you gave me ten dollars for Chinese orphans?"

Mr. Van Suzz said he kept no account of his charitable donations; but that he did remember something of the kind.

"Well, the asylum in charge of the Chinese used to give them American names; and, whenever we sent over to China a subscription, a little Chinese orphan was named after the subscriber."

The bland smile on the calm physiognomy of Mr. Van Suzz gave place to a look of vague alarm."

"You don't tell me! he exclaimed. "But where does the joke come in?"

"It 's right around the corner," the younger of the two ladies replied, as she seized him by the arm. "Come along, and we 'll show it to you, and you can prepare to laugh yourself to death. It is *so* funny!"

With his mind filled with fears for his delayed breakfast, and conflicting thoughts of Chinese orphans, Mr. Van Suzz was conducted into a side street, and had his attention directed to a building across the way.

It appeared to be a Chinese laundry; and, on the broad window-pane in front he saw, painted in bright red letters in a semi-circle, this startling inscription:

ANTHONY MILDE VAN SUZZ,
Collars 2c.
Cuffs 4c.

The ladies were on either side of him, and roaring with unsuppressed merriment; but the soul of Mr. Van Suzz arose in a wrath too wild and unconfined to notice such minor offences. Gripping his cane with a fierce and steadfast purpose, he crossed the street and hurled it at the painted insult on the window.

There was a crash of glass, a rush of a wild-eyed Celestial, a call for the police patrol, and then an animated explanation in the private office of Justice Guffy, the details of which are too painful for publication.

It cost Mr. Van Suzz seventeen times the amount of his original donation to Chinese orphanhood; but when that window had been replaced and repainted, he read with satisfaction too deep for words, the information that Sam Wun Gitt would carry on his predecessor's business at the old stand. The name of his predecessor was not mentioned.

Howard M. Boynton.

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

MINNIE.—You seem annoyed. What is the trouble?

MAY.—This announcement of my marriage is all wrong. It reads "Tuesday at noon;" I distinctly said "high noon."

FORTUNATE FORGETFULNESS.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Won't he eat the poisoned meat?

SECOND BURGLAR.—No; I 've throwed him three pieces, but he won't touch it — just keeps shaking his head and wagging his tail, — we 'll have to give up the job!

HOUSEHOLDER *(next morning)*. — There 's that clock-work dog of Johnny's, left out over night again; — that boy is too careless to have expensive toys!

IN DAYS OF SPRING.

RONDEAU.

IN DAYS of Spring, when birds are fain
Soft nests to build, with clear refrain
Of lilting song; — when larches sprout
And slender, budding sprays hold out
Their pretty hands to catch the rain;
When merry school-boys roam about
In truant play, with leap and shout
Through sweet sequestered field and lane—
In days of Spring.

When most things brighten up again,
Why, why must man alone remain
A prey to ill? — poor luckless lout —
With rheumatism, chills, and gout,
And every sort of ache and pain —
In days of Spring.

Madeline S. Bridges.

FIRST REPUBLICAN. — What part of the Democratic party do you refer to when you speak of "the best element of the Democrats?"

SECOND DITTO. — To the part that votes with us in the elections, of course!

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

MR. SPARKS. — Let me call you Ethel. I have known you long enough to drop the "*Miss*."

ETHEL *(shyly)*. — Yes; that is what Mama says — that I have been called *Miss* too long.

RATHER MEAN.

JINKS. — Mighty mean of the Masons to get back at Mrs. Lease the way they did.

WINKS. — She claimed to have seen an initiation by peeping through a sliding wicket at Lockport, did n't she?

JINKS. — Yes; and now the Lockport Masons say that they have n't used a sliding wicket for forty years.

METROPOLITAN JOURNALISM.

METROPOLITAN EDITOR. — Yes; the provincialism of these Western papers is simply disgusting and —

NEWS EDITOR *(interrupting)*. — Here 's a dispatch saying that a great fire is raging in Chicago. Shall I send for more —

EDITOR. — Make a news item of it. We 're crowded to-night.

CITY EDITOR *(rushing in)*. — A woman in Bottle Alley has just fallen downstairs.

EDITOR. — Quick! Detail three reporters and an artist to work it up. Make four columns, with full diagram of the stairs. Perhaps there 's some romance in her life you can get hold of; but, if not, we can pitch into the stair-builder, anyhow.

ILL-BRED AND CARELESS.

MRS. DESTYLE. — The women of the lower classes have regard neither for appearance or health. Just look at those two women traveling all over town without a thing upon their heads. I should think they would take their death of cold; and, besides, just see how vulgar it looks!

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

MISS BUDD. — I don't think, Mama, that Mr. Silvertongue will ever come to the point. I 've done everything you suggested; but he is as far from a proposal as ever.

MRS. BUDD. — Don't be discouraged, dear. You must remember that Mr. Silvertongue is a United States Senator.

FIXING THE COUNTRY ROADS.

UNCLE CORNERS. — Finished s'vayin' the road to Puckerbrush yit?

N. GINEER. — Ye-up.

UNCLE CORNERS. — What do you make it?

N. GINEER. — Four miles long, four rods wide and four feet deep.

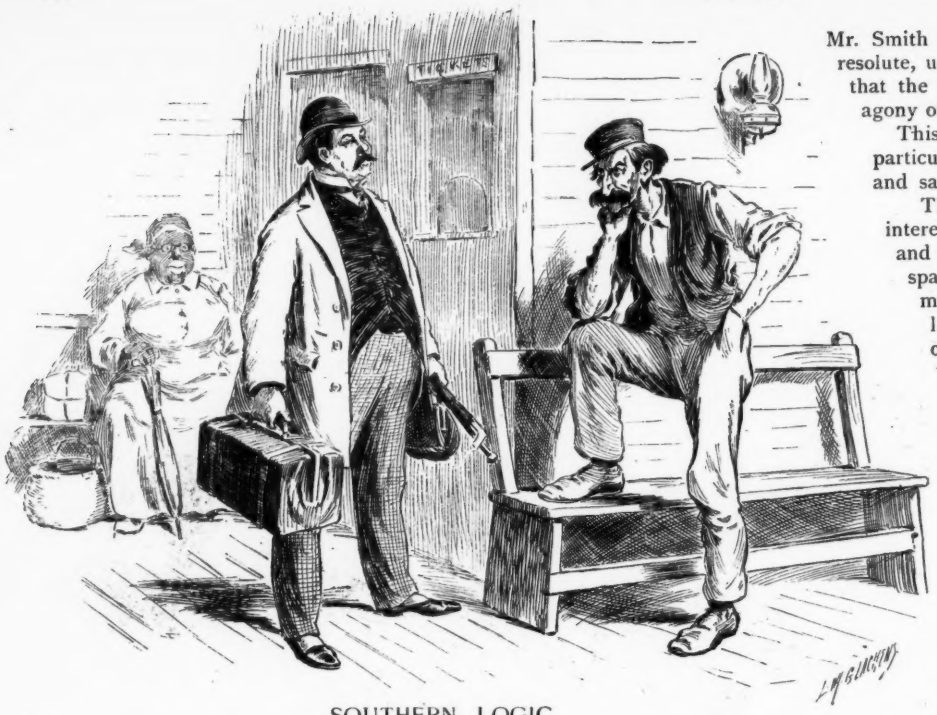
CHAINED!

PEACE IN EUROPE IS SAFE FOR TEN Y

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

AIMED!!

E FOR TEN YEARS MORE, ANYHOW!



SOUTHERN LOGIC.

NORTHERN TRAVELER.— Why don't you put up time-tables in the station?
SOUTHERN STATION-AGENT.— What fo'?
NORTHERN TRAVELER.— To show what time the trains arrive.
SOUTHERN STATION-AGENT *(scornfully)*.— Howse we goin' to make out a table showin' what time the trains get hyah, till we see what time they *does* get hyah?

A PLEASANT CALL.

DID YOU ever have an opportunity to watch, unobserved, the process of making a call? When the operation is performed by ladies who don't know each other very well and don't mean to know each other any better — ladies who are "just keeping it up," you know, because you really can't let people alone, even if you don't find them interesting — it 's an interesting social study.

The lady who is making the call gets the preliminaries of a titter on her as she reaches the door-step, and she smiles on the servant who opens the door as if she were welcoming a soul redeemed from the bonds of sin. Then she goes into the parlor and sits down to wait. If she has another lady with her — and team-visiting is popular with many women — they talk to each other in low, hushed, society tones, as though they were very slightly acquainted with each other, and had just met at a funeral.

Meanwhile, the lady of the house upstairs is jabbing hairpins and saying: "Oh, dear me! this afternoon of all afternoons!" Pretty soon she comes down and the call begins — this way:

"Oh, Mrs. Smith! He-he-he! *So* glad to see you! He-he-he!"
"I — ha-ha-ha — really was afraid you 'd think — ha-ha-ha!"
"Oh, not in the least, I assure you — he-he-he!"
"Ha-ha-ha!"
"He-he-he!"
"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"
"He-he-he-he-he-he-he-he-he!"

Here they perceive that they are in danger of becoming hysterical. Something must be done. The hostess makes a plunge.

"Won't you — he-he-he — sit down?"
"Why, ha-ha-ha!"

Her manner conveys the idea that she had n't thought of doing anything of the sort, but might try the scheme as an interesting experiment.

"I have n't seen you in so long — he-he-he!"
"Ha-ha-ha! It seems quite an age."
"What *beautiful* weather we 're having — he-he-he!"
"Beautiful — ha-ha-ha!"

Here the caller feels that she has got something of a move on her, and she continues:

"Mr. Smith was saying yesterday that it was quite like Summer — ha-ha-ha!"
"He-he-he!"
"Ha-ha-ha!"

A pause. Rapturous smiles die away upon both pair of lips. The hostess is thinking hard. Presently she comes out of the scuffle triumphantly, hanging tight to the cue acquired from the last speech.

"Mr. Smith is quite well? He-he-he!"

The other woman emits between two ha-ha-ha's the information that Mr. Smith is quite well; and so they titter along, suffering but resolute, until a moment comes when they both instinctively feel that the torture is sufficient, and it is the time for the one final agony of saying good-by.

This is done by the caller catching herself at the end of a particularly severe attack of ha-ha-ha's, drawing a long breath, and saying "well —"

This "well" means to say, "Well, after this long and interesting conversation, which has given me great pleasure and delight, but has taken up as much of my time as I can spare from the stern duties of life, I really must make up my mind to go. I would stay if I could, but I have calculated my time exactly, and this is the last moment that I can possibly spare to this particular form of pleasure."

After that you would think she would get up and go out. Much you know about it! Right here at this point they enter on a part of the job in which both are entirely at ease. After this there is no indecision, no hesitation, no hunting around for a few forms of words to interpose between themselves and hysteria. There is a regular formula for the feminine good-by. To the "Well, I must be going — ha-ha-ha," the hostess has to reply:

"Must you go? He-he-he!" And then, clasping hands and freely using the titter, the two move along toward the door, two steps at a time. Between each two steps comes a titter, and a ritual or form of words is employed which can not be given here in full, as it occupies by the shortest route from parlor to street door, seventeen minutes, thirty seconds. Its general tenor may be indicated by saying that the hostess repeats variations on the theme of "So glad to have seen you!" while the visitor is to convey, titteringly, of course, the idea that she has forgotten one of the most important confidences she had meant to make, and that she *does* wish she could remember it. A warm invitation to call again without loss of time and a fervent assurance that the visitor's soul entertains no dearer desire should bring the interview to a close with:

"Ha-ha-ha!"
"He-he-he!"

The ha-ha-ha should be delivered straight into the open air, and the he-he-he should be dropped on the door-mat with a distinct, falling inflection.

And, ten minutes afterward, the woman who made the call has met her best feminine friend in the street, and is talking thirteen to the dozen to her about anything and everything without stopping to take breath, much less to titter; and the hostess she has just left is entertaining a masculine caller with such a flow of bright and amusing gossip that he laughs until the tears roll down his cheeks, and wonders how she can talk such funny talk so fast without even a suspicion of a chuckle at her own humor.

But, then, they 're women!

AT THE POULTRY SHOW.

FATHER.— Do you know what kind of chickens those are, Willy?
WILLY *(without hesitation)*.— Yes; they 're dude chickens.
FATHER *(in surprise)*.— Dude chickens?
WILLY.— Yes; don't you see how they 've got their hair cut?

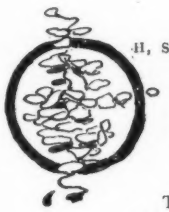
TOO SEVERE A TEST.

BROTHER BOB.—For Heavens sake! Nan, what are you doing with my foot-ball suit on?

SISTER NAN.—It is bargain day down to Lacey's, and I 'm going to wear this down.

BROTHER BOB *(excitedly)*.—No, you 're not! No, you 're not! You go and take it off. That 's a brand-new suit, and I 'm not going to have it torn all to pieces. I want to use it myself next Fall.

TO THE BERMUDA ONION.



H, SHINING BULB, that o'er the sculptured sea
Grew into perfect beauty, silver white!
You seem a scrap of tropical moonlight
Spun by a fairy, full of roguish glee,
Into a silken sphere, while o'er the lea
The zephyr paused, enamored in its flight,
As now I pause your praises infinite
To sing in strains of heavenly harmony.
E'en as the ball upon the fountain's wand
Of water, dances, full of airy pride,
You dance upon my fancy, and you wake
A rosy dream, wherein with glances fond
I bow before you, to a nice brown fried,
And bosomed on a rare and juicy steak.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A PROSPECTIVE TRANSACTION.

COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO *(on the rock)*.—The wor-r-r-rld is mine!
ANXIOUS VOICE *(from the gallery)*.—What 'll you take for Jersey City?

SENATORIAL COURTESY DEFINED.

NEPHEW JEEMS.—Uncle Jasper, what is dis yere senatorial co'rts'y dat I reads in de papers so much about?

UNCLE JASPER.—Wa-all, Jeems, it 's dis yere way: Ef you has a spite agin your neighbor Jones kayse he would n't gib you a free pass inter his melon patch, and I has a grudge agin my neighbor Brown kayse he would n't gib me one hundred dollars fer my ten-dollar mule; an' if on account of dese mutual griebances you agrees to p'ison my neighbor Brown's dawg, pervidin' I agrees to let my hawgs root up your neighbor Jones's 'tater patch, den dat am senatorial co'rtsy.

WE HAVE great respect for the Wisdom of the Ancients. They were born in time to say all their smart things before we had a chance to think of 'em.

AN ILLUSION.

When one feels sleepy in church, this is the way the preacher's eyes appear.

IT IS SAID!
OLD MAIDS SWEETEN THEIR TEA WITH SCANDAL.
IT IS TRUE!
OLD BACHELORS SWEETEN EXISTENCE WITH

MAIL*POUCH.
Anti-Nervous, Anti-Dyspeptic.
NICOTINE, the Active Principle, NEUTRALIZED.
A Lasting Chew. A Cool, Sweet Smoke.

At a good restaurant
you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF,
as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your kitchen?
Miss Maria Parloa
tells you how.
100 of her recipes sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

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On which **All World's Championships OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,**
are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made. The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the firmest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The RALEIGH bearings are unequaled for light-running qualities. For catalogue address
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which is all right—with a plainly worded guarantee, backed by financial strength and integrity—

LIKE THE RAMBLER
swift, light, strong and handsome—the result of fourteen years of bicycle building—and
YOU RUN NO RISK.
ONE PRICE FOR ALL STYLES AND WEIGHTS.
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PACKER'S TAR SOAP is undoubtedly the best Shampooing agent known. It does not dry the hair, but makes it soft and glossy; and is refreshing and beneficial to the hair and skin. Physicians order its use in treatment of Dandruff, Baldness, and Skin Diseases.

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SUITS ALL MANKIND.
ON SALE ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.
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Send 2-cent stamp for our novel Cigar Folder.

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TRADE No. 4711 MARK
GLYCERINE-SOAP
Guaranteed to contain **no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume** unexcelled. Ask your dealer for these goods.
SOLE U. S. AGENTS,
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York.

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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS
REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF
INDIGESTION

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
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CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

The Little Brown Jug
Rye or Bourbon
WHISKY.
Quality Unsurpassed.
Delivered in a sealed case (no marks) at your home, *direct* from the Distillery.
Save all middle men's profits. Buy of us at $2.75 per gall. Write us for prices and full information. All business strictly confidential. Address

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SOHMER

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Warwick $125. Cycles.

THE WHEELMAN'S FAVORITE.

FEATURES FOR '94.

Wood Rims,
Patent Adjustable Handle Bars.
Dust-proof Bearings,
New Pattern Frame.
Ease of Propulsion.

Weight of the Warwick Road Wheel for '94 with road tires, **25 lbs.**

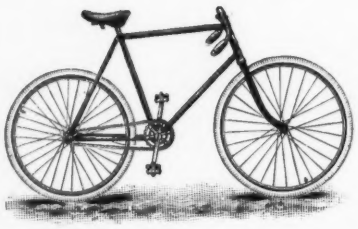
WARWICK Models 14, 16 and 18 are the strongest, lightest and most graceful Ladies' Wheels in the market. They are the fulfilled suggestions of the best lady riders, and are **LIBERALLY GUARANTEED.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

WARWICK CYCLE MFG. CO.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WHEN a man has no reason to trust himself, he trusts in luck.—*Atchison Globe.*

REMINGTON BICYCLES



In Design, Workmanship, Material, and Finish they are **BEST.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Remington Arms Company,
313-315 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

KNEW HUMAN NATURE.

"Say, Alderman, you 're pretty solid with the boys in your ward, ain't you?"

"You bet."

"How on earth did you get such a pull? Do you treat 'em?"

"Not often. I know a trick worth two of them. I let them treat me."—*Truth.*

A TEAKETTLE can sing when it is merely filled with water. But man, proud man, is no teakettle.—*Texas Siftings.*

Do You Use

Evaporated cream or unsweetened Condensed Milk, and desire the best? Then obtain from your grocer Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which ranks first in quality. Prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company.

Cartoons from Puck

By JOSEPH KEPPLER.

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ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED
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For Sale at Park & Tilfords and all Leading Houses.

NOTHING TO HINDER.

DORA.—I 'll tell you what let 's do. Let 's get up some private theatricals.

CLARA.—I can't act.

DORA. — Neither can I.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

MAKING HIM FEEL GOOD.

THE HUSBAND.—Going to church to show your new bonnet, my dear?

THE WIFE.—No; to show everybody what a generous and loving old hubby I 've got.—*Truth.*

IF some men were half as big as they think they are the world would have to be enlarged.—*Texas Siftings.*

The use of BOKER'S BITTERS excites the appetite, cures dyspepsia, and prevents colic.

FACE SPOTS FACE SPOTS

FACE SPOTS FACE SPOTS

Editor of "Baby" reports:

"For acne spots on the face, and particularly for eczema, it is undoubtedly efficacious, healing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days. It relieves itching at once."

Guaranteed Harmless.

50 cts. per box of all Druggists, or direct.

Blondeau et Cie. 73-77 Watts St., New York.

Samples of **Vinolia Cream, Vinolia Soap** (Otto), for sensitive skins. **Vinolia Powder,** for Toilet and Nursery, and pamphlet free on receipt of 10 cents.

BAD LUCK.

"Did you see those wheels where you spin for cigars, ten cents a turn?"

"Yes; I saw them."

"Well, it 's a scheme to advertise the Tewfer cigar. Hewdew took one turn only and won a hundred."

"I always said he was the most unlucky devil in the world."

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

The Celebrated "Red Label" Champagne, extra dry and Brut, is known everywhere and recognized as the best. Maison fondee en 1864 by Vve Theophile Roederer & Co., successors. T. W. Stemmler & Co., Union Square, New York, Sole Agents.

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Are here to stay. Such progress has been made with these machines during the last few years that they now rank with the leaders. Strictly high grade in every detail. Light, strong, and durable. Patterns for Ladies and Gentlemen. Weights, 30 to 34 pounds. Prices, $110 to $125. Catalogue tells the rest.

Hickory Wheel Co.,
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GRAND CENTRAL STATION in the centre of New York city.
The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.
The beautiful Mohawk Valley in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.
Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.
The Adirondack Mountains, "the Nation's pleasure ground and Sanitarium."
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The Thousand Islands, the fisherman's paradise.
The New York and Chicago Limited, the most luxurious train in the world.
Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the
NEW YORK CENTRAL,
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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to the TRADE CHESTER MARK. and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

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These Bicycles are made for MEN and LADIES at $100.00, for BOYS and MISSES at $75.00, with choice of the Columbia Single Tube Tire or Hartford Inner Tube Tire. Examine these before you buy.

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WHAT IS MORE

Attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK - 50 CENTS.

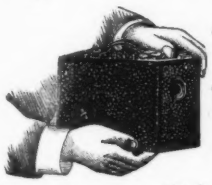
THE trouble with giving women spending money, is that they spend it.—*Atchison Globe.*

Forty years in the market with a constant increase in sales tells the tale for *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne.*

Do you know the number one

TROKONET

is ready?



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Catalogue free on application.

Highest Honors at the World's Fair.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. *Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.* SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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H. C. CURTIS & CO'S LINEN LINED
Antwerp TRADE MARK
BEST AWARD WORLDS FAIR
25¢
FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

THE INTER-STATE CASUALTY COMPANY
CAPITAL AND ASSETS $225,000
NEW FEATURES. TONTINE POLICIES.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE
AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
WOMEN INSURED. AGENTS WANTED.
DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
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BIG MONEY for Peddlers all over the country. Finest and newest article out. Easy to sell. Address P. O. Box 2637, N. Y. City

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St. Chicago.

A VALUABLE ERROR.

CHOLLY.—Why, wheah ah youah diamonds and watch gone?

CHAPPIE *(beamingly).*—Oh, I met a bunco man this mawning, and he took me foh an Englishman, just ovah, y' know; so I let the deah fellow cheat me out of ev'wything.

COVER all of this picture (with card or paper) to the LEFT of *this* line and you get the effect of using the soft—rich—comforting—creamlike **WILLIAMS'** shaving soap.

It pleases everybody—: Cools the face — heals — softens — soothes—refreshes.

Softens the beard—so that it cuts easily — and above all never dries on the face while shaving

NOW cover all to the RIGHT of *this* line—and you see the result of using the common toilet soaps—or the inferior so-called "shaving soaps"—made without any knowledge of the requirements of such an article—or skill that is born of many years of experience. Such soaps smart—*draw* the skin—stiffen the beard and crust and dry quickly on the face.

A very *decided* difference.

A CARTOONIST was recently asked by a fellow artist—:

"What's the *difference* between that WILLIAMS' shaving soap—and any ordinary *toilet* soap—or other shaving soaps?"

Putting down his razor—(he was shaving at the time) and seizing a scrap of paper, he outlined the above sketch — and handing it to his friend—said—:

"Well—*that's* about it."

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—*in three principal forms—are sold by all Dealers.*

"Genuine Yankee" Soap, 15c.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world. Millions using it.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Strong, metal-lined case. For Tourists' and Travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for WILLIAMS'—and take *no other.*

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This is the kind your barber should use. It is also most excellent for Toilet use. Tons of it sold yearly to *families.* 6 cakes in a package—40c.

NOTE.—If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.—All three kinds sent for 75c. in stamps. Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**
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IT IS not more than once in a lifetime that any one is met who has a new idea of being funny.—*Atchison Globe.*

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Are You Worn Out?
BROMO SELTZER
FOR BRAIN WORKERS.
Always Relieves Mental Exhaustion and Cures Headache.
Trial Bottles 10 Cents

"THE MOST WONDERFUL AMERICAN WATER"
HEALTH, PLEASURE AND LENGTH OF DAYS, IN
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Sparkling Delicious.
Charles B. Perkins & Co., Selling Agents, 36 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

A CLOCK is dumb; but it makes itself understood with its hands.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"VIN MARIANI," in all cases of nervous irritability when suffering with lack of force and energy, produces the most gratifying results. "VIN MARIANI" is a sedative and at the same time a tonic and a food; "VIN MARIANI" calms and strengthens the nerves, and gives tone to the entire system. Its effect is immediate and lasting, and it is an important feature that "VIN MARIANI" is agreeable to the taste.

Weak Kidneys

Sharp, shooting pains, back ache, side ache, chest pains and palpitation relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only pain-killing plaster. It restores *vital electricity*, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness.

Price: 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Rheims, Steuben Co., N. Y.

This is the Finest Champagne produced in America, and compares favorably with European Vintages.

A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

For prices, address

D. BAUDER, Secretary.

Pointed Testimony

"Your sample of Calisaya La Rilla has met with my approval. I enclose check, for which you will please send me more of this cordial, all for my personal use."

.....M. D.

This is a copy of one of many similar letters. All equally brief, but full of meaning.

Hunting Case Gents' or Ladies'.

FREE! Send us your full name and address and we will send you 100 Havana Perfecto 10-cent Cigars (retail value $10.00) for $7.75. In order to introduce this brand we will send you, free, an elegant, richly jeweled, Elgin style hunting case (20-year guarantee), 14 K, gold-filled Watch (retail value $25). Remember, the 100 Cigars and Watch sent together C. O. D. cost only $7.75. No money required until after full examination. Size ladies' watch, 2 inches; gents', 3 inches. Address Department 106.

CLIO CIGAR CO., 48 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

A TRAVELER'S DOOM.

NEW SPIRIT.—I am Mrs. Globetrotter, of New York, although I never spent more than six weeks of the year there.

ST. PETER. —Your life has been a selfish one, but you will be punished enough in here. Walk right in. You will find billions of spirits here who have visited all the great cities of fifty million planets, and they are all just as fond of talking of their travels as you used to be.
—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THIS earth is an atom in Creation, and we are the atoms of an atom; and yet a man thinks Providence has gone all wrong if he happens to lack a dinner.—*Truth.*

There is no other ale "just as good" as Evans'. Better than the imported and costs less. Why? No duty.

Sold at all first-class Restaurants, Hotels and Cafés.

Two Awards World's Fair.

NO MORE BILLS.

JINKERS.—Your wife is running up bills at the stores, is she? Huh! My wife started on the same road, but I stopped it mighty quick, I can tell you—yes, sir. I ordered her never to get another thing charged, and she never has—no, sir.

WINKERS. — But she still shops.

JINKERS. — Ye-es; she—er—made me put my bank account in her name and give her a check-book.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

YEAST—Is your son musical?

CRIMSONBEAK. — Not a bit; he's learning to play the fiddle. —*Youkers Statesman.*

WASHING a pig will not make it stop liking mud.—*Ram's Horn.*

NO ROOM FOR SIDE ARMS.

HETTY GUSHER.—Col. Bangs, I wish to ask you as a military authority, how you like the uniform of the British troops?

COL. BANGS *(of Kentucky, indignantly).*—I think their uniforms fit too closely. Why, my dear young lady, it would be next to impossible for one of those men to carry a quart-bottle without detection.

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

Distilled and Bottled by HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LIMITED, WALKERVILLE, CANADA.

TRADE W MARK

The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle from the moment of manufacture. Until this certificate is affixed the Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee of purity and ripeness. **Canadian Club Whisky** is particularly adapted for medicinal use. When not obtainable from the local dealers we will gladly supply consumers direct upon application.

LONDON, 69 & 70 Mark Lane, E. C. **NEW YORK,** 1232 Broadway. **CHICAGO,** 223 & 224 Monadnock Bldg.

DEDBROKE *(borrowing five).* — Words can never repay this kindness, old man.

CUMSO.— No; I don't think they can.—*Yale Record.*

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND METAL POLISH.

Best and cheapest. 1-pound box 25 cents at dealers. G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

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Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases.
Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?
It means isolation, seclusion.
It is a bar to social and business success.
Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when
Doctors fail, standard remedies fail,
And nostrums prove worse than useless?
Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure.
Cuticura Remedies
Have earned the title Skin Specifics,
Because for years they have met with most remarkable success.
There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few, indeed.
It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment.
25c. invested in a cake of **Cuticura Soap**
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In short, **Cuticura** WORKS WONDERS,
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Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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in your lungs are the Homes of Consumption Germs. The diseased spots are wiped out with new tissue made by

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JENKS. — Say, old man, are you superstitious?

SMYTHE. — Not at all.

JENKS.—Then lend me *thirteen* dollars.—*Raymond's Monthly.*

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MR. RUSHER. — Is the doctor in?

OFFICE BOY.—Yes, sir; but he 's too busy to see you. There was a children's party next door yesterday, and he told me to say that he had his hands full, and will see no one.—*Truth.*

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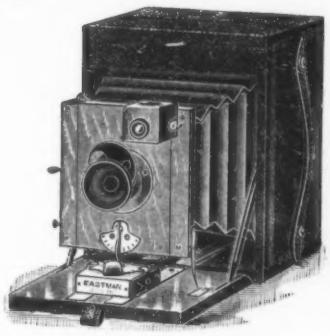

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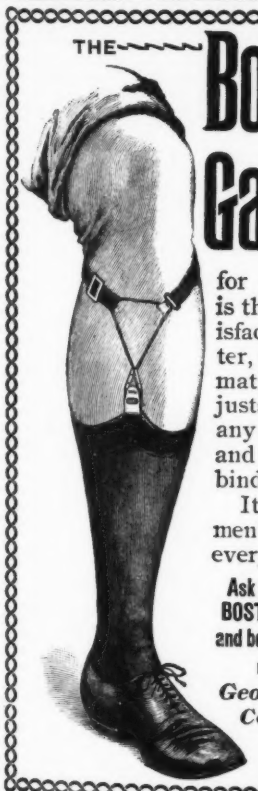

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MRS. WREAKHARD *(the landlady).*— Is there anything I can help you to, Mr. Slimmer!

SLIMMER.—Yes, Ma'am. Can I have some milk put in this cream?—*Truth.*

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A BEETLE can draw twenty times its own weight. So can a mustard plaster.—*Texas Siftings.*

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OCCASIONALLY a man tries to pick up an empty pocket-book on the sidewalk, when the boy behind the tree pulls the cord and runs, and the man knows it is the first of April. This little event impresses on him the day fifty times as distinctly as could a bunch of violets, or a shadbone wedged in his throat. There are many things that fool a man on the first of April; but there is one thing that does n't, and that is PICKINGS FROM PUCK. You can buy it any day in the year without being sold. It is always the same, and never gets down to nothing, like your wood-pile when you are absent.

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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world; being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality, and, blending thoroughly, are superior to those mixed as wanted.

We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for $6.00.

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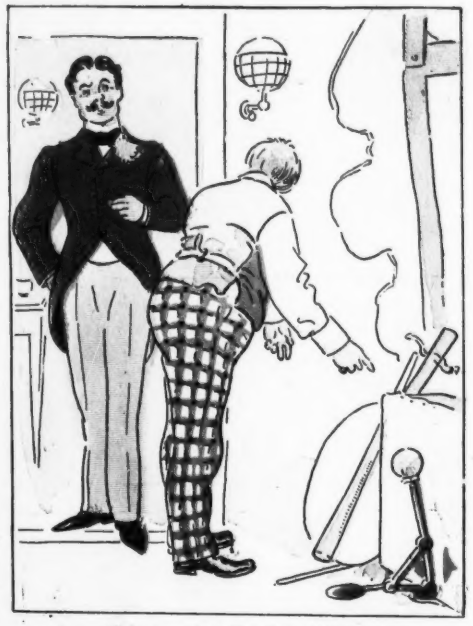
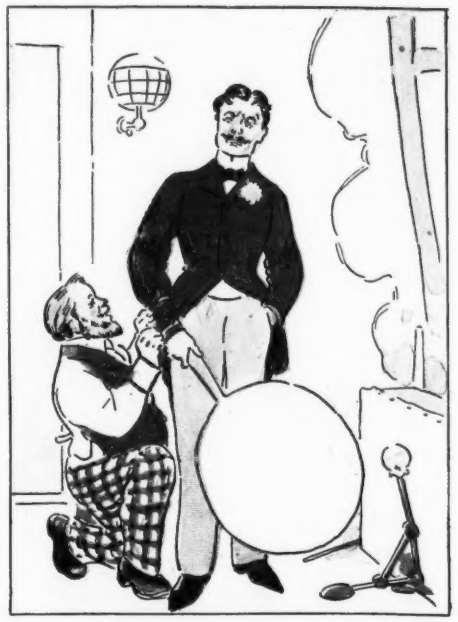
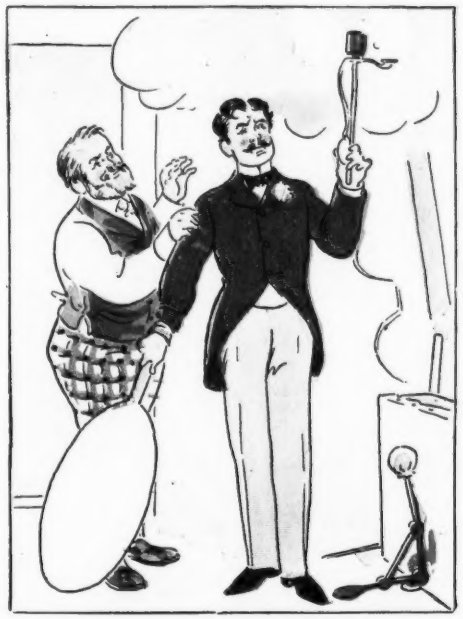


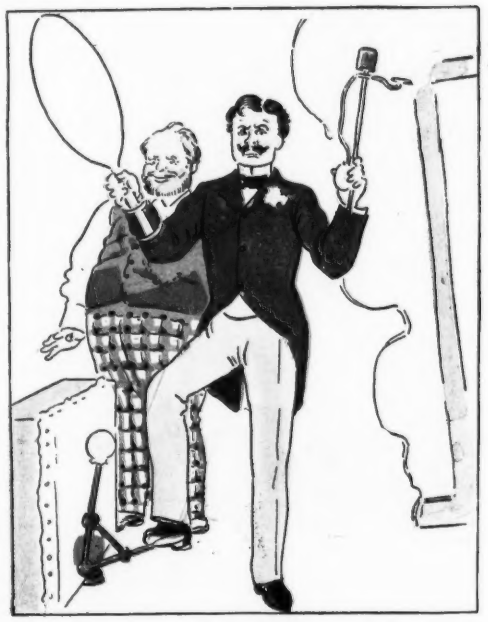
STAGE MANAGER *(of "The Tornado" Company, to* WOODBY BOOTH, *on first night)*. — Of course we 'll want you to help work the effects in the great storm scene.



"Now, with this fan strapped to your arm, you blow the flag out till it flutters — first gently, then violently, as the storm increases. See?



"And then you also flash the lightning all through the storm by pressing that bulb with your thumb. Try it once.



"This thunder drum must be worked all through the scene with your right foot,

"—and with the left, you work this crash, which gives the sound of falling walls.

"And you want to blow a blast on this wind-horn every minute or so. Now that's all till the explosion, when you rush on and save the girl."

(The storm.)

STAGE MANAGER *(with much feeling)*. — You blankety blinkblanked idiot, you! Why did n't you stop at the explosion and rush on and rescue the girl?

REALISM ON THE STAGE.